The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME VIII | New York, Saturday, August 26, 1916 | Number 95

Contents

Editorial Notes 77

Leading Editorials
- The Railroad Crisis and After 80
- The Democratic Revenue Bill 81
- A Bill of Costs for Social Reform 83

General Articles
- The Two Sides ..... William Z. Ripley 85
- Why Two Parties ..... F. R. Serri 87
- Montessori for Presidents ..... Charles Merz 89
- Making One's Contribution ..... Max Coe 91
- A Man's Woman ..... Julia Woodbury 92

Correspondence 94

Books and Things ..... P. L. 96

Reviews of Books
- The Imperial Brood ..... F. H. 97
- A People's Tragedy ..... A. S. J. 98

THE open hostility between the progressive and conservative wings of the Californian Republicans involves Mr. Hughes in an embarrassing dilemma. No matter what he does, no matter whether he takes sides or remains neutral, he loses support among one or both of the contending factions. But just because the situation is one which makes neutrality or a compromise almost as expensive as frank partisanship, Mr. Hughes should not be afraid to seek and accept a certain amount of loss. The difference between the two wings of the California Republicans is not an ordinary factional quarrel. It is the legitimate offspring of the country-wide schism of 1912. It brings to the surface a disagreeable but a salutary truth about the reunion of the Republican party which is supposed to have taken place at Chicago. That reunion is superficial and external. It depends on an opposition to the Democratic administration and a confidence in Mr. Hughes's good faith, shared by both factions, but it is not rendered fruitful by any settlement of former differences or by any fundamental agreement upon matters of public policy. The former differences have been kept more alive in California than in the rest of the country. They cannot be ignored and postponed, as they can in the East, because the Californians happen to remember and believe some of their speeches of four years ago. The situation affords Mr. Hughes an opportunity of indicating with which faction he stands, in so far as he is obliged to make a choice.

MR. HUGHES is not taking advantage of the opportunity. Judging from the press reports he has intended to emphasize by his speeches his sympathy with the Progressives; but he has been surrounded by men of the other faction, and the net result of his tour has been the alienation of progressive support. It is a deplorable result which will react unfavorably upon his campaign throughout the country. Mr. Hughes can in any event depend upon securing the votes of Mr. Taft's supporters in 1912. They are irrevocably committed to a program of defeating Mr. Wilson at any cost. Mr. Hughes's election depends upon the number of Roosevelt voters in 1912 who can be prevented from transferring their allegiance to Mr. Wilson. The Democrats understand this situation thoroughly, and are concentrating their efforts on the attempt to secure progressive votes. Owing to the excellent recent behavior of the Administration and of Congress they are meeting with considerable and increasing success. If they can keep the pace which they have been setting during the past month Mr. Wilson's chances of success will be much improved. Those of Mr. Hughes depend upon his ability to check the drift of progressive voters to his opponent. He is not acting so as to accomplish this indispensable result. By trying to hold the balance between the factions he is sacrificing the sympathy of the conservatives and the votes of progressives. The California complication is, consequently, highly symptomatic. The Republican party cannot be reunited merely by personal loyalty, by anti-Wilsonism or by compromises. It can be reunited only by the clear consciousness that the traditional Republican principle of promoting national welfare

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by moulding the national life along the lines of a predetermined policy means under the existing circumstances the adoption of a radical social and political program.

IN maintaining peace in the street-car industry of New York Mayor Mitchel has done something more than secure a personal triumph. When he returned to the city the wide divergence between the attitude of the men and that of the companies seemed to make compromise impossible. What the Mayor has done is to use the confidence evoked by the strike settlement as the basis for the city's renewed intervention. His success is again a striking vindication of the city's unique powers in such a situation. Without this activity no alternative to a renewal of the strike, with all its attendant and grave public inconveniences, would have existed. He has made it possible for men and employees to find a common medium of agreement. If it is as a personal favor to the Mayor that the companies have agreed to reinstate the discharged men, no one doubts why it was found possible to do that favor. It has become simply unthinkable that a company making use of a civic franchise should put its rules, however antique, before the needs of the power upon the welfare of which its own existence is conditioned. The men have waived their suspicions of the companies' paternal anxiety for the promotion of organization among the non-union employees on similar grounds. The similarity of the situation to that with which President Wilson is now dealing is remarkable. What is needed is an attempt to give definite expression to a tendency which may give the action of a hitherto vague public more concrete worth than at any previous time.

CONGRESS in dealing with questions of administrative organization likes to take away with one hand what it gives with the other. It is constantly bestowing powers on administrative officials only later to deprive them of some conditions necessary to put those powers to the best use. A recent instance of this kind is the reduction of the salaries of the proposed Tariff and Shipping Board from $10,000 to $7,500—a reduction which, so it is threatened, will later be applied to the Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Reserve Board. These various administrative commissions are all asked to perform peculiarly difficult and responsible public tasks. They are agents of the national government in applying its policy to the great business activities of the country. They have to hold their own against the ablest lawyers and industrial leaders which the pressure of competition brings to the surface. They should be men of similar ability and equipment; and men of similar ability and equipment cannot usually be obtained except by paying salaries adjusted to a certain standard of living. The government should not compete with private business by paying salaries of similar magnitude. The desirable kind of administrative commissioner will have enough interest in the work and in the public service to serve the government at some personal sacrifice. But he is entitled to a salary which will permit him to live comfortably, and to educate his children according to the standards prevailing in the middle class; and for that purpose a salary of $10,000 a year is not too much and one of $7,500 is emphatically too little. At best it is difficult enough to obtain men of the proper calibre to serve on these commissions. A reduction in the prevailing salary to the latter figure will gravely injure, by still further narrowing the President's choice, the efficiency of their administrative work. An actual intention of accomplishing some such result influences congressmen far more frequently than they themselves are aware. Congress is instinctively jealous of administration and does not want it to become too efficient.

EVERY now and then, among the tired and sleepy arguments which Mr. Hughes's declaration for equal suffrage by federal amendment has called from their beds, one notices the fresh face of a little stranger. He may not be strong enough to stand without the aid of a chair, yet his mere newness is often engaging. As in this specimen: "No political step in a republic could be more evil in its consequences than the threat of the women voters of western states to use their unified vote as a 'big stick' to force suffrage on women in other sovereign states." This might be the point of view of an anti, an old-fashioned woman, who if she must submit to the suffrage would rather have it forced on her by the men of her own household, or state, than by women she does not know. A like point of view might belong to an anti who cared so much for her state rights that she would do anything but vote to maintain them. As a matter of fact, however, the quotation is from a letter written by a state-by-state equal suffragist, a male, a Southerner, a Democrat whose love of states rights is heightened by his fear that Mr. Hughes has got the drop on Mr. Wilson.

SENATOR GALLINGER has put forward a resolution in the Senate inquiring why Mr. George Rublee continues to be a member of the Federal Trade Commission in spite of the failure of the Senate to confirm him. Senator Gallinger quotes from a statute passed in 1884 forbidding the government to accept voluntary service except

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the case of sudden emergency. Mr. Rublee is undoubtedly offering voluntary service. In fact though he has served the government several years he has never been paid at all. But his continuance on the Trade Commission until the close of this session of Congress is clearly legal. He holds office under what is known as Recess Appointment, in accordance with Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution, which says:

> The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of the next session.

The statute of 1884 cannot invalidate a recess appointment. So much for the legal aspect of the matter. Obviously the reason why Mr. Rublee continues to serve is that the President has not yet filled his place, and with the important work on hand in the Commission's office he cannot very well desert the ship. The fact that the President has not seen fit to appoint any one else to his place is explained in Commissioner Hurley's reply to the resolution. Mr. Rublee continues to act at the special request of the President. What Mr. Wilson's reasons are for keeping Mr. Rublee in office through this session of Congress we do not of course know, but it looks to us as if he intended to give Mr. Rublee another recess appointment after the adjournment of Congress and to make the fight against the vicious institution of senatorial courtesy in the next session of Congress. He could not do a better thing, for the Rublee case is the most startling example of the difficulties of decent administration and efficient public service that has recently been presented to the American people. If Mr. Wilson will make the fight he will not only go a long way towards answering the criticisms of Mr. Hughes, but he will testify to a real interest in the improvement of public service. He could hardly submit a more powerful argument for progressive support.

MR. DAVID LAWRENCE in the New York *Evening Post* makes a shrewd retort to the criticism by Mr. Hughes of the sectionalism of the existing Democratic leadership of the congressional committees. He draws attention to the kind of Republicans which the operation of the law of seniority would place at the head of the same committees, if Mr. Hughes's party wins the power to organize the two houses of Congress. Mr. Penrose is the ranking Republican member of the Finance Committee and would almost certainly assume the chairmanship. In preparing a new tariff and schedules he would be assisted as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House by Joseph W. Fordney, whose political stock-in-trade consists of a purple protectionism. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate would be Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, the most eminent living purveyor of all kinds of congressional "pork." William Alden Smith of Michigan, whose performances during the Titanic investigation have not been forgotten, would head the Naval Committee. Henry A. duPont would direct the work of the Committee on Military Affairs and probably on Coast Defenses, while George E. Sutherland of Utah, who voted for Lorimer, would preside over the Committee on Privileges and Elections. But why extend the list? It merely illustrates with startling vividness the almost exclusively reactionary opinions and associations of the men who, apart from the President, would be most powerful in moulding the legislative policy of a Republican administration. The progressive who proposes to vote for Mr. Hughes can, however, fall back on one consolation. Even if Mr. Hughes is elected, the Democrats will almost certainly control the Senate. The Administration will be powerless to get a contentious legislative program enacted into law. A sad outlook certainly for a man who proposes to reorganize the public business of the country! Yet Mr. Hughes might convert this very obstacle into a rare opportunity for promoting administrative improvements. His fight for better administration would be unhampered by the necessity of securing congressional support for a serious legislative program.

TO an outsider the victory of the Japanese lawn tennis player, Kumagae, over Johnston, our national champion, is a victory for the Orient over the Occident, for the yellow race over the white. To a player it is probably more interesting as the defeat of an admirable volleyer by a man who plays almost wholly from the base line. Nothing like it has happened since the defeats of our best volleyers, at Wimbledon and Queen's Club, about ten years ago, by S. H. Smith, the hardest-hitting of English baseliners. No other English player beat our best men so easily. Kumagae's victory was less decisive. His match against Johnston at Newport was anybody's until the last point had been played. On the other hand, none of the American players whom Smith defeated, with the exception of Larned, was so fast and so accurate off the ground as Kumagae's opponent, Johnston. No generalization is safe here except that the best baseliner since Smith happens to have been born in Japan.

THE time has certainly come for American book publishers to take their own part. Two private agencies, the Cincinnati Vice Commission

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the Society for the Suppression of Vice, have combined to put "The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser, out of the market—the latest and most daring attempt at book censorship. Rather than be prosecuted for issuing a "lewd" book, most reputable publishers would incline to suppress any book in question to avoid trouble, expense and loss of reputation. But this fact, which is easy to understand, gives extremely dangerous power to suppressive societies, and considering the recent encroachments along this line it is better in the end to have the issue frankly met. There is no use raging against the misguided and apparently prurient spirit that directs the censorious organizations. The thing for American book publishers to do is to make this issue their own and fight together for freedom to print and circulate outspoken fiction. It is against this right that the suppressive agencies are conspiring.

WHY should American publishers make freedom from oppressive censorship a common cause? Many of them, very likely, do not approve of "The Genius." They would not want to stand sponsor for it, or even to belong to an organization that encouraged its publisher to take the matter to trial. There are two excellent reasons, nevertheless, why publishers should organize to resist the nasty intimidation of an irregular censorship. One is the psychological evil to themselves and to their authors of knowing that Mr. Sumner may prosecute. The other is the practical fact that many great books are unconventional and require to be circulated without prejudice in order to acclimate the public. By Mr. Sumner's yardstick there is no reputable publisher in New York who has not "lewd" books in circulation. These are books that broke down superstitions, prejudices, fears and taboos. Is Mr. Sumner to conscript all these spiritual gnomes and ghouls and use them as an unresisted army against every unusual book that comes along?

WITH this issue Mr. Walter E. Weyl retires from the editorial board in order to resume important work which had to be laid aside when he joined us in founding and organizing THE NEW REPUBLIC. Our gratitude for his contribution not only in his own writing but in understanding and judgment and knowledge, we should like to record. He has been a friend in counsel if ever there was one, and we are happy to say that we count on him in the future both as contributor and adviser. For detailed decisions he ceases to have any responsibility. On larger questions of policy we shall conscript him.

The Railroad Crisis and After

LUCKILY the President is thinking more about how to avert a railroad strike than about "principles." For the phrases passed off as "principles" by both sides are masked words which beg the question for those who are informed and confuse it for those who aren't. There is a meaning behind slogans like the "eight-hour day" and "arbitration," but it is not a meaning which the public can get at by taking the words at face value. Like "Americanism" and "national honor" and "Prussian militarism" and the "freedom of the seas" these phrases are the narcotics and stimulants but not the food of thought.

As a statesman confronted with a great emergency, Mr. Wilson is compelled to break through the slogans which serve publicity rather than sense. The great fact before him is that the Brotherhoods have the power to call a strike which would bring such disaster and suffering to the country that it must be averted. The President knows that no matter how great the public sentiment against the men the strike could take place and would not be broken without riot and bloodshed and agony. Assume that the men were utterly wrong, assume that they deserved no sympathy whatever, it would still be out of the question for the President to coerce them. They have the power to strike and the legal right, and that fact can not be argued out of existence. You may believe in "arbitration" world without end but if one party which has the power declares that an issue is not arbitrable, it is useless sentimentality to talk about arbitration.

The President has done, therefore, what the practical situation required. He has narrowed the issue down to the very lowest point which the Brotherhoods will accept, and has asked the managers to try the "eight-hour day" with the pledge that it will be studied in operation, that if it doesn't work the government will save the railroads from "ruin." A more sensible and statesmanlike proposal has not been suggested, and no sympathy is due the management for pretending that it will be ruined when there is a practical guaranty that the federal power will not allow it to be ruined. Through improvement in efficiency and through possible increase of rates there is an ample margin of safety. And if it is shown that the trains can not be run on the schedules, the question can be reopened and readjusted. The railroads are not faced with the alternative of ruin or victory. The real alternative, as the President has shown, is between a strike and the trial of a new system subject to public inquiry and public guaranties.

Under the circumstances, "arbitration" is a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

catchword in the service of stubbornness. What use is it to talk of the "principle" when it will not work? If you can't arbitrate you can't. The true principle of arbitration is that both parties agree to settle their differences by arbitration, or that you have the power to compel them to. They won't agree and no one has the power to compel, so the actual result of standing by the principle is to bring on the strike which it is designed to prevent.

The railroads say they are thinking of the future and of the precedent which would be created. There they have hold of something which must occupy the inventive thought of the nation. In fact the most hopeful aspect of the whole matter is that from the President down there seems to be a clear idea that this calamity must not only be averted, but must be averted in such a way that better methods may prevail in the future.

There again the President's plan is both wise and imaginative. The proposal that the workings of the settlement be put to federal inquiry is fruitful. Once a commission is created to study the wages problem on railroads we shall have an agency capable of growth. For arbitration in the crude sense does not meet the facts. There is no hope, we believe, in creating a tribunal to deal with an industrial dispute after it has become an out and out conflict. What we need is an administrative commission continuously in touch with the wage problem. It is just as impractical to arbitrate wages when everything is prepared for a strike as it was to deal with rates through the courts and legislature. No tribunal can handle the situation after the irritation has culminated in a national conflict. Great conflicts can be prevented only by breaking up big issues into small ones and adjusting them from day to day. Blanket demands and high sounding principles are the curse of industrialism as they are of diplomacy.

The President has proposed a commission of inquiry. That commission will have to develop into an interstate railway wages board. At first it will probably be limited to investigation and publicity. When this fails to work it will be given power to declare demands "unreasonable." When this breaks down, as it surely will, we shall be forced to face the facts and give the government power to fix wages and hours. Wage-making will be added to the rate-making function of the government.

There will be great difficulties in this until the Interstate Commerce Commission fixing rates, service, wages and hours has developed a workable body of administrative law. But it is the avenue of hope. By fixing wages for all railroad employees, and not merely for the strategically organized workers, the Commission will have endless power for the skillful disintegration of labor monopoly. It can raise the wages of the unorganized; it can shift the balance of power among railroad workers. Just as the Interstate Commerce Commission has probably prevented a dangerous sectional alignment on railroad rates, so a wage board by a series of minor decisions can equalize power among the men. The monopolistic attitude of the Brotherhoods could hardly survive small and wise discriminations in the making of wages. Their coercive power depends on large general demands for horizontal increases. A continuous commission would tend to make the adjustments vertical. In this lies the promise of the future and not in the creation of an arbitrary tribunal with compulsory power after the trouble has got out of hand.

There can be no shirking of the prospect which all this opens up. When rates, service, wages, hours, have passed into government hands, private property in railroads has disappeared. The management is left with responsibility but with very little power. The stockholders more than ever cease to be "owners" and become bondholders without any assurance of return. We are witnessing not the confiscation of property in railroads but its evaporation. We are coming to a time when the only result of private property in railroads is an inefficient division of responsibility. Nationalization, which the President held up as a warning, is the goal towards which we are going by inevitable steps.

The Democratic Revenue Bill

THE charge that the Democratic party is fundamentally obstructionist, incapable of introducing positive changes in our national policies, has received so many refutations in the course of President Wilson's administration that it seems destined to disappear from literature of a higher order of candor than the campaign books of the opposition parties. Positive political purpose has characterized most of the Administration measures. This is true even of the pending revenue bill, although it is primarily an emergency measure, designed to meet the extraordinary expenditures and the inevitable falling off in ordinary revenue incident to a state of world war. But ulterior political purpose is not absent from the Democratic revenue bill. It is distinctly a class measure, intended to appeal to the farmers and to the non-propertied city voters, from whom, outside of the South, the Democratic party derives its strength. These classes, it will be agreed, hold the actual balance of political power in America. And this explains why the opponents of the Democratic party have failed to make an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue of the revenue bill. On this issue they would inevitably be beaten.

No special political principle is involved in the stamp taxes, in so far as they are retained, in the theatre tax or in the increased wine taxes. These are imposts that are justified merely by the fact that they yield a definite revenue, easy and certain of collection with the administrative means at hand. The Democratic party may be assumed to be more favorably inclined toward such duties than the Republican, since they increase the preponderance of internal revenue in our financial system and wean the public away from its belief in the necessity for customs duties that are incidentally protective. The same may be said of the license tax on the capital, surplus and undivided profits of corporations. Any party, pressed for funds, might propose a similar tax. But it is appropriate Democratic policy for the reason that among the voters whom the Democrats hope confidently to win there is still a considerable anti-corporation feeling. Any additional burden upon the corporations is regarded as a net gain.

Where Democratic statesmanship is clearly in evidence, however, is in the revision of the income tax rates, in the estate duty and in the munitions tax. The schedule of income tax rates elaborated in the bill represents a powerful equalitarian attack upon the swollen income. No modern nation has ever in time of peace levied income tax rates comparable to the higher schedules in the proposed law. Under it practically one-sixth of the excess of an income above two millions will be appropriated by the state. Great Britain, after decades of educating the receivers of income to increasing rates, levied a tax of 6.25 per cent in the second year of the Boer War. This was considered a crushing weight of taxation, not merely by the recipients of the smaller incomes, but by men of great wealth. But it was less than one-half the maximum rate under our proposed law.

The estate duty, also, grading up to ten per cent on estates of five million and over, is a distinctly equalitarian tax. We have never had anything comparable with it, in this country, and when we consider that the states remain free to levy their own inheritance taxes, and will doubtless continue to levy them, we are forced to conclude that inherited wealth is more seriously threatened than at any other period in our history.

Excessive incomes and great inherited estates are inimical to the aspirations of the lower middle class democracy which the Democratic party has always sought to represent. Not less inimical to these aspirations are the mushroom fortunes, especially those that spring up in consequence of a war in which the country is either a belligerent or an economically interested neutral. The whole tone of our national life was affected adversely to democracy by the sudden fortunes and the speculative fever of the Civil War period. In this light we may see in the munitions tax clause of the revenue bill the elements of a distinctly Democratic policy. The Administration is not warning against the munitions business as such. It does not regret the prosperity some of our citizens have won from the disasters of the world. It is merely voicing the convictions of the democracy that the sources of easy money should be tapped by the state. The revenue purpose is not to be overlooked. But this purpose alone would not suffice to justify the enactment of a measure that is bound to give rise to a long series of knotty administrative problems.

In its provision for a tariff board and in its grant of protection to dye stuffs the revenue bill has been said to be false, is false to the Democratic tradition. But there is nothing in the underlying Democratic creed that is offended by the introduction of expert knowledge in the making of tariff schedules or in the administration of customs laws. Nor is exceptional protection in the interest of the independence of national industry anti-Democratic. Protection to a minor but vital element in the operations of a great industry would not be difficult to defend under the principles of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, from whom the leaders of the Democratic party have derived their economic doctrines. Furthermore, since the making of dyes is closely connected with the making of high explosives, there is sufficient ground for protecting the industry as an essential to national defense.

Whether the Democratic revenue bill is a measure of temporary expediency, or a deeply considered measure of party policy, admits of a simple test. Will the Republican party, if successful at the polls, repeal the law and extirpate the social principles it involves? Will the Republicans reduce the income tax to a moderate impost, at a flat rate, or abolish it altogether? Will they abandon the estate tax, and bind themselves to abjure the principle of special taxes on easy profits, such as those of the munitions trade? Only in case they feel themselves very firmly seated. If they gain power by a narrow majority, they will hardly feel safe in striking at the principles the Democrats have established in law. They may mitigate the severity of the law, but in the main, they will find themselves limited to the task of working out a more perfect machinery for administering it than the Democrats at present seem to contemplate. Even so they will be unable to rob the Democrats of credit. In its revenue bill the Administration has created for its party a permanent capital that will not waste even if the pending election is lost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bill of Costs for Social Reform

PROBABLY at no other period have statistics played so large a part in our problems. We have continuous sectional enumerations. We have a decennial survey of the whole country. We make studies of feeble-mindedness, of educational possibilities, of industrial output. We are making a physical valuation of the railroads. We have taken to heart the lesson Bagehot taught in his "Lombard Street," and the Federal Reserve Board does for American banking the work that he planned for English concerns. Yet fundamental questions still go unanswered. We are content with tabulation rather than analysis. We enumerate where we should interpret. In the result, in any crisis—such as the present railroad situation—where figures are involved we have no means of interpreting at all adequately their significance.

The movement for the eight-hour day is asserted by manufacturers to be prohibitive in its cost. We have no means at our disposal of checking that assertion. Our statistics seem to have been gathered for every purpose save that of getting answers to the basic questions. We have no means of checking the relation between population and the means of subsistence. That which most painfully arrests our attempts at progress is the absence of impersonal record. The demand for the abolition of child labor was postponed for years by our fear of the formidable bill of costs presented to us by business men. We were first told that child labor was the price we had to pay for the continuance of certain industries. Then when different states passed child labor laws we were informed that the backward states could not compete with those more highly organized. We felt the wrongness of these arguments. We did not put any faith in the statistics presented for our consumption. We could only plead the virtue of experiment, and sneer into extinction the habitual conservatism of the business man. Yet all the time we dimly realized that we must pay a large price for our faith. We could not but wonder if there was not a better, a more adequate way.

As a fact, a better way exists. The devil can cite statistics for his purpose, so that, for ordinary men and women, they have been tainted with the suspicion that clings to his usage of them. The last twenty-five years have seen a revolution in statistical method. Enumeration has given way to critical analysis. Under the brilliant leadership of Professor Karl Pearson there has been evolved a new social calculus of which the first fruits even are of striking importance. We have already seen valuable results in the study of education. What, for example, is the worth of the teacher's estimate of his pupils' ability? It is clearly fundamental to have a solution to such a problem and Professor Pearson has given us a response in definitely measurable terms. Or turn to social disease. We require to know what is the actual worth of our sanatorium treatment of tuberculosis. Is the average length of life of those who are returned as cured to the general population the same as that of the normal healthy man? Theory clearly requires an affirmative answer; the result, as Professor Pearson has shown, is in fact different, so that we begin to understand that the fundamental problem is here the diathesis and that it is upon its understanding that our attention must concentrate. So, too, in the problem of wages. We require a means of interpreting the means of life in terms of every social relation that is of communal importance. What, for example, is the cyclic relation of wage-movements to rent? What is the relation of rents to size of family? What is the relation of food-prices to rent? Does a decrease in the cost of food result in a movement towards more satisfactory housing? Or take the problem of infant mortality. We are too easily satisfied with its interpretation in terms either of the mother's employment or conditions of bad environment. Modern methods of statistics enable us to go a step further. We find, for instance, that the wife works because her husband has low wages. We find that her husband has low wages because he works in a poorly paid trade entrance into which is the result either of bad physique or poor intelligence. The single problem of infant mortality is thus in fact seen to involve the whole circle of economic disharmonies. A beginning in the required direction is shown by Miss Lathrop's important reports from the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. Mr. Goring's great work on criminology, Miss Elderton's studies of alcoholism, Miss Barrington's on eye-sight, only repeat the same results in different form.

They present conclusions from which there is no escape. The fundamental business is to measure the quality of inheritance in terms of the quality of environment. For that end we need a census survey which is not entrusted merely to competent Democrats or trustworthy Republicans. It must be a survey in which medical men, statisticians, industrial experts, educators, all obtain representation. And it must be emphasized that the old statistics are out of date. We need the application to our data of the newest instruments at our service. Interesting as our surveys like that of Pittsburgh are, they have the fundamental defect of lack of precision. The social worker who has impressions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to record must record them today in such form as admits of statistical treatment. We have passed beyond the stage where qualitative description is possible. Here, as elsewhere, it is in quantitative expression only can we place any confidence. The ideal type-survey is the Report on the Physical and Mental Condition of Edinburgh School Children prepared by the Charity Organization Society of that city. We can measure there exactly those qualities of which we desire to know the result in social practice. What is the effect of parental alcoholism on the health of the children? How far does it affect wages? What harm does industrial instability do to the attendance of the child at school? How far does a dirty home affect the intelligence of the child? All these questions can be given a partial answer from the Edinburgh report. But we want to check Edinburgh by London and London by New York. We want a study of Chicago, of Atlanta, of St. Louis. It is upon knowledge made definite and measurable that the advance of the future will be secured.

Beginning with the great rate inquiries of 1910 Mr. Brandeis made earnest pleas for the establishment of a Bureau of Cost Accounting. We are paying the price now for our failure to take proper advantage of his counsel. Nothing would have contributed more to our understanding of the railroad situation than the ability to compare, item by item, the method and cost of operation of each railroad in the country. We could have thus obtained a kind of composite portrait of conditions which would have gone far to remove the haze and dimness of our present uncertainty. We could have known, for instance, the exact way in which the Boston and Maine Railroad has improved its earning capacity relative to the comparative failure of the New Haven Road. We would have forecasted means of improvement. We could have suggested maximum costs of output in every branch of railroad operation. If thus far we have failed in our wisdom, we may no longer wait upon the event.

We want, further, studies of wage situations such as those which Mr. R. H. Tawney is making of the industries governed by the Trade-Board Act of Great Britain. Our own students are too prone, in similar work, to describe methods of operation and give statistics of output as the right method of approach. Mr. Tawney's method is refreshingly different. He studies in definite terms the working of his industry. He explains its reaction to the wages of men and women, to prices and profits, to trade unionism. He studies in detail its effect no less on the management of industry than on the workers. He discusses the relation of minimum rates to degree and security of employment, and to homework. He makes evident the defects and virtues of the administration of minimum rates. A single, brief chapter gives us all we require to know of the actual method by which the industry is organized. The study, as a whole, is a triumphant vindication of the principles underlying the demand for the minimum wage. But it is a vindication almost uniquely valuable in industrial inquiry in that its conclusions are based on the provision of an unimpeachable bill of costs which is, from the statistical standpoint, as imaginatively conceived as it is brilliantly executed.

We in America can be satisfied with no less than this. Under the Commerce Clause trade is in the hands of Congress, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, both of these having their statistical departments. It is not too much to ask that the methods they apply to their problems be such as are most likely to provide the best basis for public judgment. A statistician is no longer a clerk, but a mathematician who has specialized in the theory of probability. We want men of that kind to direct our inquiries. We want all those engaged in social work to think out collectively the right questions and to analyze our material by the methods which alone give promise of sufficient response. Statistics is no longer a matter in which a single university course explaining the means by which an average is calculated is really adequate. What we need attached to every important government department and every great university is a statistical laboratory such as that of which Professor Pearson has the direction in London University. We shall then begin to know the basis upon which our social problems really rest. We shall then have satisfactory demonstration of the best lines of their efficient understanding.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Two Sides

IN search of enlightenment, I asked a friendly passenger brakeman, the other day, about the threatened railroad trainmen's strike. "Oh, you know us passenger trainmen aren't out for anything, any more than the switchmen, station agents or freighthandlers. They aren't in it at all. But the passenger trainmen have got to back up the boys in the freight service, after the way they stood for us a while back. Besides they're only asking for some things we already have."

"Yes," I replied, "all the better! Since it does not concern you directly, what are we outsiders to think of it? We may have to wire our congressmen to force a settlement, if worse comes to worst; or even to forbid railroad strikes altogether, as they do in Canada, until after an impartial governmental investigation. It is too late in the world's history for a general railroad tie-up all over the United States. Is it true that this proposed basic eight-hour day with time and a half for overtime, is merely a blind for demanding another big increase of pay?"

A deliberate and passionless response: "Well you see it's this way. I guess the boys are after all they can get, all right. The Brotherhoods have all quit fighting one another—everybody except the brakemen and the switchmen, that is. They think they've got it all their own way. I don't suppose they really expect eight-hour runs, instead of twelve or fourteen. And they wouldn't want them either, if the pay came down in proportion—even if it let more of the boys at the bottom in on the steady trips. The way they all bid for the long runs now proves it. They sure want more pay. Everybody does. Money means a lot. It means getting a home. But what's the use of getting a home, if you don't know when you can get to it, or how long you can stay when you're there? The men in the yards and shops and out along the right of way don't get as much as we do, perhaps; but they get something that used to look pretty good to me when I first went on the road. They know when the day's work ends; and they know they'll hit their own hay after it. And there's a whole lot of us who want a chance to hit our own hay oftener."

Not a bad diagnosis, that! It dovetails in with a good many symptoms. These trainmen's Brotherhoods, as a whole, by reason of their skillful mass play, have during the last few years wrung substantial increases—one-third or more—in wages from the railroads, so that they constitute as unique an aristocracy of labor in pay as in personnel.

Trainmen as distinguished from the other four-fifths of railroad employees are paid according to a dual standard, not merely by hours worked, but theoretically on the basis of miles run. Thus the present standard day's work in the freight service, is ten hours or less, or 100 miles or less. Once called, a full day's pay is guaranteed no matter how brief the time or how short the run. And for exceeding either ten hours or 100 miles run, payment for the overtime or the excess mileage follows, whichever produces the greater wage. The appended hypothetical schedule (with what misgivings as to its inaccuracy, is it offered!) is based upon four cents a mile as a standard. This presentation shows in the left hand column—never mind the other yet—how on the better runs, short hours may be richly rewarded. A five or an eight-hour trip at good speed, according to distance, may bring as high as five dollars a day. One may not, thus, work more than ten hours or run over 100 miles without extra compensation above four dollars; but the excess is calculated at no higher rate than the normal.

	Present	Proposed
Standard day for 100 miles	10 hours	8 hours
Basic speed per hour	10 miles	12½ miles
Basic rate per mile, standard day	4 cents	4 cents
Overtime rate, per hour	40 cents	50+25 cents

Miles Run	*Hours Out*	*Compensation* Present	Proposed
75 (or even 25)	5	$4	$4
75	8	$4	$4
75	10	$4	$4+$1.50
75	12	$4+$ .80	$4+$3
75	14	$4+$1.60	4$+$4.50
100	5	$4	$4
100	8	$4	$4
100	10	$4	$4+$1.50
100	12	$4+$ .80	$4+$3
100	14	$4+$1.60	$4+$4.50
125	5	$5	$5
125	8	$5	$5
125	10	$5	$5
125	12	$4+$1.00	$4+$3.00
125	14	$4+$1.60	$4+$4.50

Run the eye down the schedule once again and note that the present compensation, whether runs be slow or fast, possibly fails to reckon with the time sacrifice but holds constant at a fixed rate.

The pending demands are a not unnatural outcome of present operating conditions. During the decade to 1914, the volume of traffic in the United States grew by almost three-fourths; the average trainload increased by about one-half; so that by virtue of this concentration a performance in huge units, the revenue freight train movement was less than one-quarter more. Only one-quarter more train mileage to transport three-quarters more freight. Greater productivity indeed! Not only are there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more cars per train, but each one is much larger, is more nearly loaded to capacity and is being rendered more agile by scientific management—if agility is a term appropriate to equipment which averages less than twenty-five miles a day the year round. Take the New York Central as an example of these achievements. In 1915 it actually carried 2,500,000 more tons of freight one mile than it did the year before, at an actual cost of conducting transportation—mainly fuel and wages—of approximately $3,000,000 less.

A larger share of the fruits of this enhanced efficiency, the trainmen claim, is due to them. Somehow this fails to tally logically with their disavowal of any intent upon a general increased wage. There is one argument too many on their side. But, at all events, whatever we think about that, the physical discomfort entailed by the new conditions seems to be a good deal all their own. For these slow-moving and profit-begetting leviathans—possibly 90 to 130 cars in length, loaded with 5000 revenue tons of freight to a train—whether they involve more labor in handling or not, frequently drag along at a snail's pace or are hung up at yards or sidings and eat up time unendingly. Furthermore, the men say, such trains no longer run on schedule. They are held up at division points until the full tonnage of the locomotives has accumulated and they are more subject to breakdowns when thus operating at capacity—the trainhands in the meantime being held away from home, sleeping anywhere and anyhow, and living off the country like an army on the march. And, yet further, runs this claim, these slow moving trains under the existing schedules have operated to force the men back from a scale of pay per fast mile according to distance, to long, slow time wages at an invariable rate per hour.

Upon the plea of profitability the railroads briskly counter by noting the distinction between operating and financial productivity. This arises, they allege, from the downward trend of their compensation, even in the face of higher prices and wages. Receipts per freight unit have noticeably declined since 1903. A ton then moved one mile for .763 cents. Ten years later it yielded on the average but .729 cents in revenue. A small difference, as it seems! But multiply it into some 300,000,000,000 odd ton miles of traffic and you get a tidy sum. Operating efficiency, it is claimed, is merely an offset for this and other financial disabilities and not in any sense a positive source of gain. This contention was surely valid up to the outburst of commercial activity in 1915-16. Whether it will remain so must depend upon a course of business which no one is competent at this time to predict. A more substantial rebuttal by the railways, because based upon the past and not the uncertain future, is that this remarkable efficiency—and profit—is far from being solely labor's product and especially trainmen's labor product; but that it has arisen largely from enormous investments of capital in new equipment, in grade reduction and straighter alignment, and in better terminals; and that this capital is as truly entitled to a return as is the labor which enlivens it. There is no escape from this logic. But the point at which the railroads fail to carry full conviction in their answer has to do with the incidence of the time burden upon the shoulders of the men, under the new operating conditions. In this regard a careful scientific examination of the record should be had.

Punitive overtime, then—a recognition of increasing sacrifice with each lengthening of the term of tasks—is the essential novelty in the trainmen's program. The rest is but "re-irritation" of an old demand, as Mrs. Partington might have put it. Overtime pay at a higher rate involves a revolutionary principle in railroading. Except for 1912 when the eastern engineers won such rates for final terminal delays exceeding one hour—preventing a yardmaster from denying the benefit of a quick run to a train crew—the punitive overtime principle has never won acceptance. The Arbitration Board of 1913 even expressly denied its validity, by way of contrast with manufacturing industry, on the ground that delays in rail transportation were beyond the control either of the men or management. An Illinois Board of Arbitration in 1910 pointed out, furthermore, that railroad overtime did not entail more labor, merely more time. And there is possibly some force in the objection that extra compensation for overtime puts a premium upon delays in service. Yet notwithstanding the force of these contentions, it seems clear that new operating conditions may call for a revision of opinion. Is it not just possible that some distinction might be made between overtime due to causes beyond ordinary human control, and overtime which is a concomitant of profit-producing policies in management? Such a distinction, for example, as is recognized in the nicer adjustment of the weavers' fines legislation in Massachusetts. It seems improbable that so rapidly rising a scale as is proposed—glance once more at the right hand column of the tabulated schedule in its upper registers—would be fair to managements, which are, after all, so largely at the mercy of their men in the maintainance of service. But a somewhat more positive recognition of a man's right to "hit his own hay oftener" seems at least to be worth careful consideration.

Can the carriers stand the burden of adopting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these new schedules in their entirety? Some of them already, like the Southern Pacific and the Atlantic Coast Line, with either long hauls or light local traffic are already on a basic eight-hour day for engineers. They would be unaffected. Obviously this proves nothing whatever as to the railroads otherwise situated. For them to average up their freight performance to twelve and a half miles an hour instead of ten is bound to be difficult. Philadelphia as a division point, 90 miles from New York and 132 from Washington, cannot be shifted halfway between, even at the behest of a Brotherhood. Nor may all the economy of heavy train loads, slower moving as they necessarily are, be rightfully preëmpted by labor. Of course the carriers aver that they cannot yield an iota, that it would spell bankruptcy. One recalls, somehow, similar dire predictions when the sixteen-hour service law went into effect. Yet already the railroads point with justifiable pride to what they have accomplished in obviating those earlier excessive terms of labor. In 1913 on the eastern roads, there was a violation of the federal statute for every 4529 train miles run. Two years later men worked over sixteen hours in a day but once in 27,608 miles of train service. That shows what can be done under compulsion. There is but one way, however, to discover the fair middle ground. Neither physical force nor political pressure will ever result in a fair adjustment. It can be brought to pass only after the entire schedules of operating cost and profits are examined by a body competent to grant relief to the men, if they deserve it; and then to lay the burden of the added cost upon the community, where it belongs. The machinery appropriate to such an end has been discussed by the author in THE NEW REPUBLIC of May 6th, 1916.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY.

Why Two Parties?

IN his letter to the Progressive Committee, Colonel Roosevelt stated that it was evident that the country was not prepared for a new or third party. This fact—for there can be no doubt as to the fact—raises an interesting question which has never been adequately answered. Why is it that we have only two parties? Of course, I do not overlook the Prohibitionist or the Socialist parties. They, however, are examples of persistent agitation rather than of possible factors in the running of our government. Our question is still accurate —why is it that we have only two political parties? Other countries, such as England, France, Italy, Germany, have more.

The conventional answer and the wrong answer is the repetition of an error of Macaulay's. He believed that people naturally divided into conservative and liberal, Tory and Whig. There were some who naturally wanted to stand pat and others who wanted to revolutionize. Accordingly, voters would form two groups, and whatever might be the label this division of liberal and conservative would be followed. As a rough generalization it may be allowed to pass, but unless used carefully it prevents clear thinking. It is true that there are conservative people and liberal people, but it is not true that you can divide the people of a nation as liberal or conservative. There is no large group, certainly neither of our political parties, which stands for things as they are or wants to change the face of everything as it is to-day. Is the Democratic party conservative or liberal; is the Republican party conservative or liberal? All that can be said is that Mr. Taft is perhaps more conservative than Colonel Roosevelt; but Mr. Taft does not want everything to stand still, he is willing to reform judicial proceedings radically; and Colonel Roosevelt does not advocate the upsetting of everything, he might be classed as a conservative on the question of government ownership. So it is with Mr. Wilson or Ex-Governor Baldwin of Connecticut—they are wiling to change some things radically, other subjects they would touch gingerly and some not at all.

It is not merely the division as Democrats and Republicans that is artificial; a strictly new division as liberal or conservative would be artificial. Two labels, whether they be conservative or liberal, Democratic or Republican, are insufficient to afford natural divisions. They are as artificial as a division of people into good or bad, great or small.

If the two-party system cannot be explained as the natural division of the people into liberals and conservatives, what is the explanation? A more reasonable view is that advanced by students of our government. They think that we must have something to coördinate our three branches of government and particularly the executive, the House and Senate. They argue that the Constitution itself, by making the executive and legislative departments separate, necessitates a strong party control of both, and that this party control can be secured only by the two-party system.

It must be admitted that the Constitution makes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parties necessary. Although some of the framers did not want parties, and Washington feared their formation, they did not realize clearly enough that the very instrument which they made would call parties forth. The structure was there in separate pieces; something was required to make them work together. But while we agree with this much, I do not agree that the separation of powers makes *two* parties essential. The government could be run with three or four or five or more parties. The coalition of various groups can produce as effective action here as it has in European countries. They have not found it impossible to pass the very best legislation by the union of the votes of different groups. And indeed the more important legislation in this country has always been the result of coalition. Such acts as the Interstate Commerce act, the Sherman Anti-Trust law, Pure Food law, Federal Reserve act, were adopted with the votes of both parties. It is only in minor matters such as the tariff that a partisan vote is taken.

Of course, it is possible to conceive of a situation where one party might elect the President, another control the House and perhaps still another have a majority in the Senate. To those who admire stability and efficiency only, this may seem the very evil that the two-party system was established to avoid. The evil, however, is only apparent. If the country is really deadlocked, if there is a great division of opinion on any matter and it is impossible to obtain a majority in favor of it—is it not better that there be a stoppage of the legislative grist mill to allow the people to think again and debate and discuss? It is not a sign of efficiency that we pass so many thousands of laws; it simply proves that we are too busy to disagree, and that means that we are too busy to think.

Furthermore, I doubt whether the two-party system was the result of a conscious or unconscious attempt to obtain efficiency or unity of action by the government. The reason is that it doesn't. A party like the Democratic or Republican starts with the handicap of being only a conglomeration of discordant opinions. It contains every opinion from that of a strict standpatter to that of an embryonic socialist. Its job is to adjust differences, to compromise, to crush the too stubborn and independent and slowly to move this huge mass of differing atoms into some semblance of harmony and order and unity. It does exactly what the European parties have to do—forms coalitions. Our parties have to form them within their own ranks. This has some advantages and some disadvantages. In both cases, the same difficulty of compromise must be overcome. And this I believe explains the lack of real efficiency under our two-party system. Both parties have been so huge and contained so many men with different ideas that they have never readily accepted new ideas or advocated new reforms. They did not dare to move rapidly for fear of disturbing or disrupting powerful factions; they could not respond unitedly because they were not a unit. This inward disunion prevented them from initiating important movements. It was left to new parties, to small parties, such as the Populist, to propose practically all the reform movements of the last fifty years. The two parties were not sufficiently united to act; they succeeded only in obstructing and finally after many years in tardily catching up.

As in the case of many huge artificial corporations, "efficiency" will not explain their existence. We must look elsewhere. The most logical explanation is the simplest. I would say that we have two parties because we started with two. As Mr. Beard shows in his "Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy," very much the same political division was maintained in 1800 as in 1787-9 during the struggle over the adoption of the Constitution. The men who favored the Constitution opposed Jefferson in 1800 and those who were against the Constitution supported him. The fundamental reason for this was the antagonism of economic interest, and to some extent the difference of political theories. Once started, the two-party system gathered momentum. It changed names and had mixups, and one of the parties went under, but the system itself became fixed by force of habit.

It quickly became recognized as an institution; it was aided by law and almost every one took it for granted that it was an indispensable part of our government. College men were regularly told its virtues and the necessity of joining one of the two big parties. This constant reiteration, coupled with little thinking about the actual influence of the system, aided it tremendously to maintain its hold in this country.

Our geographical situation also helped the maintenance of the two-party system. The size of the country is such that a new organization can be started and maintained only at great expense. It requires an issue of such explosive power that it tears asunder existing organizations. A mere difference of opinion on some issues is not sufficient. One man of eloquence and of power could start a new party in France, on a platform, for instance, such as that of the Progressives in 1912. There was sufficient difference in spirit and particular methods to have won success. In this country after four years' effort it has failed. I do not mean that the size of the country is the sole factor, but I think it is an important one. The enthusiasm and energy of one man when concentrated in a small radius will win; but not even Colonel Roosevelt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could make himself felt so powerfully all over the country as to smash old habits and old loyalties. The task is a gigantic one; physically and financially it demands sacrifices and efforts which it is almost impossible to induce large numbers of men to make for a period of years.

The two-party system has received strong support from the tariff issue. Unlike most issues, this has never been settled. There is no public opinion on the matter. As Lowell would say, there is no large majority in favor of it and a minority which acquiesces. Both parties have constantly fought vigorously on it. While other countries have definitely adopted one position or the other, we are still debating it. Until it is decided, it gives the two parties their starting point. The rest of the platforms, on preparedness, on labor, on business, on conservation, on woman suffrage, may be the same—as essentially they are; old issues—such as states' rights, opposition to centralization, may be discarded in practice, if not in the platforms. There still remains the tariff as the raison d'etre.

Not that the difference even on the tariff is very great. In their platform of 1916, the Democrats have "cuddled" very close to protection. But it does give them a different peg to hang their hats on; and it leaves them free to swallow other issues as rapidly as they can digest them. They will not swallow prohibition or socialism, but many intermediate questions can be appropriated in part or in whole, in the platform or in practice. Although this power of expansion is not great, still it is sufficient, when aided by the prospects of victory or defeat, to make the huge machinery respond. Many of the Progressive planks of 1912 have been adopted and more will be in the future. It is this latent power of expansion when the pressure is sufficient which enables the old parties to remain masters of the field. They can kill off any new competitor by agreeing with him.

Further security for the two-party system is found in the South. The situation makes inevitable the maintenance of one strong party. Regardless of issues, the white men will support one party. It happens to be the Democratic. That for practical reasons drives the opposition to compromise and union. If you know that your opponent is united and will remain united and that nothing can disrupt him, then harmony is bound to be the keynote of your policy.

Undoubtedly, there are other factors. But the important ones, I believe, are the force of habit, geographical extent of country, one unsettled issue and the Solid South.

F. R. SERRI.

Montessori for Presidents

ON my desk there lies the first bulletin of "The Montessori School for Political Education," which is to be opened in Washington this fall. It defines the new project as "an attempt to inculcate scientifically into young minds the spirit of American statesmanship, with the aim of effecting political maturity at an earlier age than has hitherto been possible."

Coming at this time, when the educational world is in a transition period, and the Montessori plan itself is a subject of discussion, this new school of politics has an especial significance. From the Montessori plan we have learned that the development of the child is not stimulated by repression or by insistence upon passive obedience, that growth is retarded if the will of the teacher is superimposed on the individuality of the child. These principles, recognized as so essential to the Montessori method, are incorporated in the proposed school for political education. By permitting spontaneous activities to have their development and by working solely with children of an especially adapted make-up, the Washington school aims at the production of a trained class that will constitute a national asset.

The plans outlined in the bulletin call for regular instruction in all branches of political learning. The child is to be introduced into the school at the age of six, and thrust ahead as rapidly as his natural ability warrants. The development of those exceptional children whom we know as "prodigies" is evidence of the advantages to be gained from such an early start. The one difficulty would appear to be this: To be efficient the school must not be cluttered with a lot of non-political minds, and it would seem difficult to judge, at the age of six years, which children have political minds and which have not. This objection, however, is answered by a paragraph from the school bulletin, which states that "Only children who seem capable of developing into presidential candidates will be considered. The child must show a satisfactory vagueness in elocution and at least an inceptive dislike for constructive policies before he will be admitted."

Under the Washington plan the first two years of training are to be devoted chiefly to the cultivation of these qualities. If the child is to be developed into a candidate for the Presidency, the virtue of vagueness and the indispensability of nonconstructiveness must be thoroughly drilled into him. When sufficiently aware of their importance, and adept in their manipulation, the child proceeds to experimental instruction. He is given a set of blocks with which to play. At first he merely ar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranges them in squares and circles. Then he is informed that they represent the wealth of his country, and that they must be protected. He is not informed from what direction the danger threatens, nor permitted to speculate as to the best means of preparing against it. Such speculation would retard action. Instead, he is supplied with short spikes which may be attached to the blocks by heavy straps. Through this performance the child learns the principle of American preparedness. There is now no danger of his blocks being bitten by a shark.

This enthusiasm for preparedness, free from any irrelevant consideration of what he is preparing for, is a distinct step forward for the child. From it he proceeds to instruction in the tariff. Under the old régime the methods of arriving at a conclusion on this subject could scarcely be called scientific. Fate played too significant a part. If the child's father was a Republican with a loud voice, the child was apt to develop into a protectionist. If his father was a Republican with a weak voice, and he had a Democratic uncle with a louder one, the principles of the tariff were altered, and he became gradually conscious that protection was a fallacy. Under the Washington plan such chicanery is done away with, and more logical standards are introduced. Every odd-numbered child admitted to the school automatically becomes a Democrat and an advocate of a tariff for revenue only; every even-numbered child, a Republican and a protectionist. The Democratic boy is trained until he thoroughly masters the economic principle of the problem: "A revenue tariff is the only one that is justified in the eyes of God. I believe in the tariff of Cleveland." The Republican child receives the same scientific instruction: "A protective tariff is the only one that is justified in the eyes of God. I believe in the tariff of McKinley." Work—study—play is the modern method, and this theoretical training in the tariff is supplemented by blindfold games in a darkened room.

When the child can declare, with convincingness satisfactory to his tutor, that an upward or downward revision in the tariff will dissipate the agrarian problems of the state, he is permitted to proceed to a study of the labor laws. Here, perhaps, more than in any other particular field, there must be a thorough understanding on the part of the boy who is being trained for a presidential candidacy. He must learn, first of all, to distinguish between capital and labor—capital being "a stock of accumulated wealth" and labor, "intellectual or physical exertion." Nor is this enough. He must understand that dinner pails are full or empty by mathematical periods of four years, and that there is only one logical solution for the conflict between the two classes: "The age-old strife between labor and capital must stop. In Europe there are serfs and potentates. In America there are only fellow-citizens." Effectively pronounced, this tends to obliterate those time-worn economic discrepancies which have prevented an earlier reconciliation.

Similarly, there must be no dodging the issue of the pork-barrel. At the end of five years' instruction the child should have accumulated numerous striking instances of malappropriation on the part of the opposite party. These he should be able to repeat with conviction, when speaking from the steps of a two hundred thousand dollar post-office which his own party has had the foresight to erect for a community of two thousand people. From this vantage point he should be able to make a strong case against the opposition, while reaffirming the principles of broad nationality which have ever been the keynote of his own party.

Proficient in the matter of pork-barrels, tariff, and preparedness, the schoolboy is ready to take up Americanism. It seems odd that this phase of preparation for presidential candidacy is placed last in the Washington curriculum. Being a good American citizen would surely seem an elemental virtue. In this country we may not be interested in politics, social economy or a national policy, but at least we are all thoroughly good Americans. Nevertheless, that is the arrangement, and the Washington plan provides three accepted ways for the prospective candidate to meet the issue. The first is: "Americanism means loyalty to America and all it stands for." Equally unequivocal is the second: "*I do not envy the American whose heart* is not set aglow with the great thought of Americanism." And the third is: "The word 'America' warms our hearts and thrills our blood and makes our nerves tingle as they have never tingled before." With a grasp on these three precepts the prospective candidate may be deemed fit to interpret to the world the policy of Americanism. Provided he does not exhibit an interest in the less idealistic phases of the country's foreign problems he is considered a satisfactory product by his tutors. At the Washington school there is a good test for the student's grasp of Americanism. He is made to repeat the three doctrines before a sample audience, with certain variations; for example: "Americanism means loyalty to America, and all that British East Guinea stands for." His aim, of course, should be to pronounce the first part of the sentence so impressively that his audience will recognize it without waiting to hear the conclusion.

It may seem, with large classes of students, all so near an age and all striving for a presidential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candidacy, that there is apt to be a waste of good material in the eventually unsuccessful ones. But for this criticism the bulletin on my desk has an answer. "Though it is obviously impossible for all those who strive for a candidacy to be successful, this does not impair the value of the school. In this country there is always a demand for patriotic song-writers."

CHARLES MERZ.

Making One's Contribution

MY friend Thomas seemed rather annoyed last night because some one had been criticizing his manners unfavorably. He had fallen into the habit of dining at a little restaurant, half-public, half-private, where the women challenged one with their economic independence and the men with their air of being about some business that was for the amelioration of society. He went there because there was usually an interesting person or two, and he liked a little tonic of talk before he returned to his lonely room. They all sat around a big table, but Thomas had not realized the subtle spiritual coalition which this propinquity created. He would walk unthinkingly among them, say what interested him, listen amusedly to the bridling rattle of feminists and pacifists, and then withdraw cleanly when it pleased him. He always had a feeling of being accepted, and he accepted in kind. He had had all along an invincible feeling of being a free individual in a group of free individuals.

How deluded that feeling had been Thomas was just finding out. It seems he had just had a talk with a friend who had dined at the same place, and had observed his social orientation there all winter with some concern. His suspicion about Thomas had been verified by many of the women, and the matter had become serious enough to expose to my unconscious friend himself. Thomas's manners had in fact torn the delicate web of many a social occasion at that table. Keen observers had noticed his habit of coming in, selecting one person whom he monopolized—some of the observers even braved the charge of triteness by asserting that he chose the youngest and most attractive—repulsing the advances of his fellow-guests, devoting himself to his monopoly, and ignoring all the amenities of group discourse.

This was not the sum of his offense. His technique was even more malevolent. He would be in the habit of continuing his monopoly for a week or two, only to switch suddenly to another person and consign his friend to the limbo of the unappreciated around him. There might be persons of distinction at the table. Thomas's interest was irrational. It would callously ignore them in favor of the person to whom he happened to wish to talk. The critics were even able to trace the line and length of reigns of these persons whom Thomas's social rage had seized upon, and for whom authors and even artists of importance had been ignored.

Thomas at first had wanted to feel flattered that the loss of his conversation to the group could have been so lamented. But his friend assured him that this was not the point. It was a question of principle. He had, it is true, kept a succession of charming persons out of the group conversational current. But this was a minor stain. His real offense was one against social etiquette. He had come into a group and refused to make his contribution. He had put himself in a situation where anticipations were aroused, and he had refused either to recognize those anticipations or satisfy them.

Thomas's response to this exposure, he told me, was a feeling of bewilderment. He had no memories of these monopolies. He could not recall having repulsed any collective wooing of his interest. He had, of course, talked to the person who interested him most, and he had probably taken some effort to be seated next to his interest. As for the group, his heart had always been filled with the utmost good-will. He had said nothing when he had nothing to say. But subjectively he had been warm and hospitable.

My poor friend was all the more annoyed because his stern critic had contrasted him unfavorably with a reformed friend of his. This youth, it seemed, had also lacked a sense of social obligation. He considered women foolish chatterers, he sought his companionship in his books and in the woods. His ideal was the solitaire. He learned to cook so that some day he could go off in the wilderness and live the unencumbered life like Thoreau. He was fond of long tramps in unpatched mountains. He read Nietzsche and Whitman, and thrilled to their brave self-sufficingness. He frowned on idle social dinners or social groupings, and sat among the others, on these unavoidable occasions, with an air of noble grouchiness. He not only made no contribution, but he seemed sullenly to deny that there was any contribution to be made.

Thomas's critic had gone on to tell how this youth was redeemed from the self-contained life. He had married with cataclysmic suddenness a woman whose life had been spent on the firing-line of masculine tyranny. She had formed an alliance with other aggressive feminists, and it was into their dinner-club that this Nietzschean youth was introduced. He was usually the only man at the long table, and it was during these bright feminist dinners and the hours spent every evening around

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fireside in smoking and conversation that his social education was effected. At the same time that Thomas had been following his lawless course, this anti-social youth was quietly being inducted into the social code. So successful indeed had been the influences that Thomas's critic, who had known the new husband only as a reprehensible individualist, soon heard from the lips of one of the group herself, in a tone of smooth satisfaction, that he was making his contribution.

The tale of this conversion had evidently made my unsocialized friend Thomas a little spiteful. He wondered what that contribution was. He suggested that it might be this youth's quiet, patient submergence in the group, while the militant talk rattled on for hours around him. Might not a group of women who were spiced with a drop of sex-antagonism get a mild and pleasant thrill from so well-tamed a predatory male? He knew his place, he smoked with them, he agreed with them, he made his contribution. The ex-solitaire was no longer restive or disdainful. There had been anticipations and he had met them. There had evidently been no monopolies. He had been just assertive enough not to be ignored, and yet so docile as to leave the group in perfect control of the social tone. My friend Thomas could not have had a more admirable model.

Yet Thomas still refused to be comforted. He said he resented these claims upon him. His contribution was himself, where and when he choose to give it. He did not want to feign responses he did not feel, and it was absurd to react equally to every person when each one gave you a different mood. He wanted either to make his best response to what excited him or make none at all. People liked to get you classified. They liked to think that a certain manner would always operate toward them whether they really aroused it or not. They wished an equal distribution of your politeness, in order to save themselves the trouble of playing up to a personal relation. If they were not valuable to you, for the quality and for the moment, they put the blame on you by saying you had no sense of the value of other people. Most talk was mere articulate gregariousness anyway. It was a way of saying "I'm here and you're there and everything's perfectly safe; and the things we both know about are placed comfortably around us, and they're safe too!" Thomas said he would not lend himself to this childish game. These people who wanted to have their gregarious impulse titillated by this polite registering and re-registering of each others' presence would have to do without him. He would not be a mere social unit, shedding satisfaction around. He wanted to be always personal, and he would keep on disconcerting his friends by demanding personality of them. He would not let them coalesce into a group and throw bonds of anticipations over him.

But he was still puzzled why radicals who seemed to have emancipated themselves from so much should be so stern for the social code. I had to remind him that women who had had to fight to free themselves from sex-status could not be expected to have energy left to throw into the flexible and time-consuming art of personal relation. But he wanted to know why, when they had torn down one set of rules they had to construct another. He would always feel now with a group of feminists as if there was something ceremonial in the atmosphere. There were ways that one was expected to act. One must make one's contribution. And he said that any touch of ceremonial was merely a means of evading the direct contact of personality. He defined a feminist as a person who had got rid of the instinct of elegance only to set up the dogma of making one's contribution. The radicalism lay in insisting that others please you where by the old code you had to please them. Thomas longed for the true freedom when nobody had to please anybody any more.

MAX COE.

A Man's Woman

IT was about thirteen years ago that I began to be a man's woman. I chose this career deliberately, after learning from Wilhelm Meister the lesson "that we should give unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by nature through the capacities she has given us." What capacities did nature give me, and how have I cultivated them?

At the age of thirty-two I am still physically attractive to men. I intend to remain so for several years more. Part of this attractiveness is in my face, which is oval and olive, with blue eyes placed wide apart under black brows and nearly black hair. Its obvious candor is contradicted by a hint of mysteriousness, and this contradiction is in its way an enticement and a promise. My figure is still a little boyish—straight and slim and elastic. You would believe me if I told you that I could bend backwards and touch my head to the floor, though it wouldn't be quite true. My vitality has helped me ever so much, though I don't imagine it would have if I had not managed it rather well. Abounding, overflowing, inexhaustible—mine is all this, if you like, but that is not the point. I have known vitalities which abounded so that they crowded other people off the road, or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to exhaust all the air in a room. That is why I try to keep mine in its place, and to leave other people free to move about and to breathe. The way to make one's vitality what is called contagious is really to keep it in other people's sight and yet out of their way. For this the only recipe I know of is to be really interested in other people. Nowadays, although of course I always begin with a man by seeming interested, I usually drop him the moment I become certain that my interest will never grow sincere.

Please don't run away with the idea that I think my methods are the only good ones. There are at least as many methods as there are types of man's woman, and these are numerous. The clinging-delicate-fragile type is by no means extinct, whatever people may say, but will last as long as the sort of man who invented her, just as the shy-wild-thing type will live as long as there are men who love to see themselves as brilliant hunters of game. The only impossible type of man's woman is the woman whom women dislike. Even the men who haunt her house are always uneasy, except the very young ones, and a little afraid of finding her out, of catching her at some trick or other.

I am the kind of man's woman whom other women like. I make and keep my women friends by simply letting my liking for them express itself. For instance, I praise them as intelligently as I can to men who are likely to repeat what I say, and capable of repeating without spoiling. One doesn't need very many women friends. Three or four will do.

With both men and women I try for this effect —that my affairs are just as important to them as theirs are to me, but that on this particular occasion we just accidentally happen to be discussing theirs. Whenever anybody, man or woman, strikes me as feeling that possibly they have been talking too much about themselves, I try to suggest that at our next meeting I shall have a piece of my own life, a problem in grief or joy, about which their advice will be very helpful. Most people, by the time the next meeting takes place, have forgotten my appeal. In the rare cases when they remember I either consult them—always about something real, you understand, and which sounds graver than I think it—or else say that the problem has solved itself. I don't say this cruelly, but with a note of regret, and as if I were sorry that the occasion for talking about myself to such a wise and sympathetic friend had melted away. The choice of methods depends partly on the setting, and partly on the man I am dealing with.

Although I am a man's woman I do not try to be, as poor Mr. Taft once said, "like Caesar's wife—all things to all men." The men I wish and try to attract form a class which is not very large. Ten years ago I thought it a good plan to render every man afraid of competition from some other man. I never do this now. With the kind of men I see most of it simply would not pay. Competition—yes, they must be kept more or less afraid of it, but it is competition from all the other interests in my full life, from out-of-door sports, music, my business, and a tiny bit from suffrage. Naturally I am a woman suffragist, and have worked hard as a subordinate official for the cause, but I don't talk about it all the time. You see I have watched my women friends, and have made up my mind not to behave so as to make the men wonder whether if there were no such questions as suffrage there would be any such person as I. My attitude is that men, although a necessary and exciting ingredient in life, are not the whole of it, and my experience has been that a man sets a higher value upon the place you just have to make for his very interesting self than upon the privilege of keeping an idle woman from being bored to death. My experience, I say, but very likely it would have been different if my nose had been differently shaped, or if my hair had been auburn.

One thing that taxes my mind, in my dealings with men, is how to distinguish between what they would like to have me repeat and what they would rather I didn't. Of course I'm not talking of men who say, "I'll tell you in confidence," or "This is strictly entre nous." Such persons have still to learn the A, B, C of personal relations. The reputation I have sought and won is that of keeping to myself what I am expected to keep to myself without being told. Such a reputation is not hard to earn, but in getting it you have to avoid being suspected of indifference, as you certainly will be if you do not ever repeat anything. And it's frightfully difficult, when it becomes suddenly obvious, as so often happens in a roomful of friends, that the secret a man had implied he was telling to no ears but yours has been confided all over the place —it's frightfully difficult both to avoid looking hurt and also to avoid conveying the idea that the only reason you aren't hurt is that you knew all along that he was the sort that would tell everybody. I lost a man once by letting him see that although I had not repeated something he confided to me, I took it for granted that he had. He was offended at being classified as that kind of man, which he very much was, by the way, although in this instance he didn't happen to have acted like himself.

Showing one's interest is also a problem, or used to be. Until I was twenty-five I fear I was often guilty of saying, "What you say is very interest-

NORTHAMPTON MASSACHUSETTS
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing." I was cured by overhearing these words often from the same woman to one man after another. She sounded very silly. Besides, there is always a danger that when the men are talking one over they will compare notes. So now I never say I am interested. With men who need first aid I let my answer show that I am. With others I pay closer attention, take mental notes, and quote their best things weeks later. Sometimes this should be done when there are people about, and with a glance of good understanding. If the phrase has sufficient success I reveal its authorship. But some men would resent being shown off after this fashion, so with them I wait until we are alone again, quote them and add: "Do you remember who said that? No? Why, I'm perfectly sure I could have picked it out as yours." Other men require greater directness, as for example: "I remember your saying, the last time we had tea at such a place, . ." But here, too, I employ sincerity. I never repeat a man's remark in his hearing unless I honestly think it good, though perhaps I do lower my standard a little in certain cases.

To play the game as I play it you must have men friends who are intelligent and who are capable of an occasional burst of cleverness. Indeed, this is one of the few cases where the more difficult game is the less interesting. It is harder and not easier to be a man's woman when your men friends are ninnies, because you can't stay so close to sincerity, and except for the women who like to steer between reefs of lies, sunken or sticking up, I don't believe it is so worth while.

Oh, I suppose I ought to say something about sex, as that counts so much even with friends you never expect to promote or degrade into anything else. Here it is not easy to be clear without being clearer than the truth, but it seems to me that I try to convey to a man the idea that I think he has no suspicion of how physically attractive I find him, and that I hope he never will have any suspicion, not the faintest. Thus I give him a feeling of power without obligation, a combination many men like, I've noticed. However, I see I am approaching the subject of love, which is not what I meant to write about.

JULIA WOODBURY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Federal Amendment Chimera

SIR: Perhaps it would help the perplexed Guidon Club lady, writing in the issue of August 12th to reconcile her position in the Hughes Alliance with her anti-suffrage principles if she read the Constitution of the United States. That venerable document has likewise been commended by Mr. Hughes, and it hath provisions which will probably thwart any attempt to establish equal suffrage by a national decree, however strong the "full executive influence" brought to bear. The provisions are rather nonchalant and yet very simple to understand, though their processes are not easily worked. As it happens, the vigor of the President has little to do with amending the Constitution. The Congress may propose amendments, when two-thirds of the members of each house agree to do so. Being proposed, they are transmitted to the legislatures of the several states, and when three-fourths of these have ratified, the articles become of force as part of the Constitution.

This being so, the submission of the Federal Suffrage amendment must be agreed upon by both of the United States senators from each of thirty-two states, or by both from each of sixteen, with one from each of the rest, or by some sixty-four senators made up between those two extremes.

In the House of Representatives at the same time it would take an affirmative vote of two hundred and ninety-seven for submission—the full voting strength of the eighteen largest delegations less a margin of five. The full strength of the six largest delegations would suffice to block it, with thirteen votes to spare. If we count out Illinois, where the women now have the franchise for federal candidates, it would still take but seven states to prevent submission; assuming that each of the seventy congressmen from the thirteen suffrage states should vote for submission, it would still require two hundred and twenty-seven supporters elsewhere, and these could not be secured from less than thirteen states.

Moreover, a vote to submit the amendment would not necessarily be an index of the attitude toward suffrage of the congressmen or of their constituents. Some would have voted "aye," thinking to bring about a fatal abortion of the amendment by hastening its submission. Others would vote in all honesty to submit it and would work against its ratification with equal honesty, hoping to settle the question. Some of these two groups would be believers in equal suffrage, but nevertheless, consider it a matter wholly within the province of the states. There would be congressmen of this last persuasion also, some perhaps from the suffrage states, voting against submission.

The submission of the amendment, while it might be a means of clearing a shrewd President of his campaign pledges, might not at all mean its ratification by thirty-six states. The dozen full suffrage states of the fervid West might not all be counted, for their women have as many votes now as they could expect under any régime, so they have nothing to gain by a federal amendment, save the satisfaction of their zeal for coercing the effete East into liberalism. Illinois lets her women vote for presidential electors, United States senators, and M. C.'s, and when she gets a legislature on the suffrage bent, will not need to await federal amendment. And as it may be doubted that the suffrage West would think it needed the amendment, so may it be rather surely assumed that the Solid South will prefer to make the gift of the vote to the ladies one from the states, when it wakes up to the wisdom of suffrage at all.

Good NEW REPUBLIC, pray help the lady unscramble her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impulses. I regret that I have no idea what should be done by one in such a quandary. If she takes part in political work on either side she offends her own delicate principles; if she withdraws from the Hughes Alliance, she will spoil a fine instance of that excellent argument that women should exercise in matters political only an indirect influence in the direction desired by the male medium thereof. With such a problem no mere man could hope to struggle —much less to venture counsel. As for the other—well, could not THE NEW REPUBLIC at least explain to the lady that there is no occasion for distress at the *opera bouffé* part of the campaign?

EMMETT L. BENNETT.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Lively Corpse

SIR: In your editorial entitled "Toward Labor's Power" in the issue of August 5th, you say that "the I. W. W. to-day is nothing but a tradition." I wonder what you understand the word "tradition" to mean. Apparently you are not familiar with the very substantial activities now being carried on by this organization. The I. W. W. really does exist in the flesh. It may not have a soul, but its body marches on in more than memory. Mr. J. Stephen Dodd, whose letter you publish in the issue of August 19th, probably knows all about these very worldly activities of the I. W. W. But what he says about the organization can only intensify the false impression given your readers. Both your statement and your correspondent's seem to me flatly untrue.

The I. W. W. is not merely a tradition. It is not asleep. It has not even suspended operations during the period of the war. It is very much a living actuality—a flesh and blood organization—a body *plus* a tradition. It may be a menace or it may be an emancipator. In either case it is alive and—as it has been for a decade—kicking!

During the summer there has been an important strike on in the Mesaba Range mining district of Minnesota. On the labor side the I. W. W. appears to be the most important factor in this struggle. This "tradition" has for some time been printing extensive reports of that strike in *Solidarity*, one of its weekly papers. The columns of this paper as well as the *Industrial Worker* teem with reports of I. W. W. activities of a very real and substantial nature. These things *do happen* even though the stories of them seldom appear in the columns of the "capitalistic" *Times* or the "socialistic" *Call*. An organization does not automatically evaporate into a tradition when it is pushed off the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers. Since the lurid Lawrence days of 1912 the I. W. W. has unquestionably slumped. At that time even the New York *Sun* and the *Evening Post* opened their chaste columns to this unspeakable organization. To-day, even were the war pressure on newspaper space removed, the I. W. W. would get very little of it. Nevertheless the *World* on August 13th printed on page 11 a full column story of the activities of this alleged tradition in the grain belt. The dispatch says:

". . . Thousands of these migratory mendicants, thousands of I. W. W. members and organizers have spread over the agricultural districts. . . I. W. W. gangs have taken possession of trains. . . Each year for the last five years they have become more numerous. . . . All methods of handling the situation have proven unavailing. . . Several killings have resulted from clashes between the police officers and the I. W. W. gangs."

This is saffron hued newspaper stuff and contains some untruth and much exaggeration built around one fact: The I. W. W. is working assiduously among the agricultural laborers and has made some headway—be it ever so slight. The I. W. W. papers have been regularly reporting these activities for a number of years, interpreting them, of course, in the light of their revolutionary doctrines. During the first six months of the year 1916 the New York *Times* printed news or editorial matter about the contemporary activities of this "tradition" in its issues of January 14th, January 21st, February 2nd, March 9th, March 18th, March 25th, April 4th, 5th and 21st.

In actual membership the I. W. W. has undoubtedly declined since the Lawrence strike. Mr. Dodd is wide of the mark when he says that "the I. W. W. within the last three years has grown from an organization of about 8000 dues-paying members to a membership of over 150,000." His first figure is somewhat low and his second much too high. The New York State Department of Labor gives the membership for 1913 as 23,061 and for 1914 as 23,840. Other reliable estimates put it as high as 30,000 in 1913. The present membership, however, falls far short of 150,000. The highest estimate I have seen is 70,000 reported in the World Almanac for 1916 and probably furnished by the I. W. W. I feel sure that even this figure is too high. On May 12th, 1915, when William D. Haywood, now General Secretary-Treasurer of the "tradition," testified in Washington before the Commission on Industrial Relations, he stated that the membership of the I. W. W. at that time was about 15,000. That figure is probably not far from the mark to-day. Mr. Dodd can hardly expect us to believe that I. W. W. membership has increased ten-fold in the last fifteen months.

Although it is rather insignificant in point of members the I. W. W. is not a corpse to-day. It may quite easily become one before your readers see these lines, since its financial resources are so slight that it can much more easily than the steel trust be jerked into the disembodied shape of a mere tradition. But I imagine that for some time yet the I. W. W. will be able to personally conduct its own tradition.

P. F. BRISSENDEN.

Washington, D. C.

Calling Down the Call

SIR: As an ardent and intelligent Socialist, I thank you very much for the criticism of the New York *Call* in your editorials.

With the other papers refusing to take any notice of the *Call*, and the *Call* itself seemingly lacking in self-criticism at all, it is highly desirable for the good of our cause that some paper will now and then call attention to the fact that the *Call* is not the wonderful fair-play organ that it prides itself on being.

It is difficult for me to understand how the intelligent men of our party will bear with a paper as badly edited as the only English-speaking Socialist paper in this city is. If Socialism makes any advance amongst the English-speaking population of this city, it will not be because of, but in spite of the *Call*, and if some of the many faults of that paper are pointed out now and then, it can finally accrue only to the advantage of our cause.

SIEGFRIED JACOBSSOHN.

New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

ON my left is Mrs. Wramper. I wonder why? Did my hostess remember my unlucky boast that I could talk to *any* woman? It would be like her to remember and to pay me out by putting me next to this unpromising Mrs. Wramper. Who is she, anyway? How the devil did she get here? Can she talk at all, I wonder? This silence is getting worse and more of it. The woman on my right is listening to the man on hers. Young Crashton, on Mrs. Wramper's further side, is in love for the evening with—can't think of her name. Besides, he is deaf in his right ear. Help! Help! . . . No one will help me. I *must* say something to Mrs. Wramper. . . . At last! I have said something—I said: "Mrs. Wramper, I can't imagine what makes me tell you all this. I think it must be because you're different." . . Well, possibly that was a poor way to open a conversation—though I know men who say it always goes—but even so Mrs. Wramper needn't look at me as if I were Wordsworth's Idiot Boy grown older. "Are you quite well, Mr. Shriggs?" she asks, sharply. "I heard you'd been ill. How do you feel?" I bend a little toward her, and a little forward, with a courtly air. "How do I feel? I'm glad you asked me that question, Mrs. Wramper. I feel as white and pure as the new-fallen woman." She jumps ever so little. "Snow, you mean. New-fallen snow." She really said it, yet I behave well. "How true!" I exclaim. "Very true and usual. But once in a while one may wander, don't you think, from one's rubber stamping-ground?" It seems to me, however Mrs. Wramper may take it, that I am not beginning badly, not badly at all. I ask you, as man to woman, wouldn't you be a little interested in a dinner neighbor who could talk like that? Mrs. Wramper is not interested. Let us go hence, my jests, she will not hear.

Mrs. Wramper arrived to-day, if I'm not mistaken. Probably she came by train. She looks like the sort of woman who would come by train, with parcels. Why can't she, at least, ask me who the other guests are? She looks like the sort of woman whose conversation would be questions if it were anything at all. Anyhow, I'll tell her about the other guests. "You see that slip of a girl in white? No—the one my fork is pointing at. She is married and has eight children. Her explanation is that she believes in the greatest good of the greatest number, and that you can't have the greatest good of the greatest number unless you first get the greatest number." Neat, I hold, but Mrs. Wramper does not smile. I've wasted it. "The man on our hostess's left is Dawking, the portrait painter. He doesn't much fancy his portraits, which are no end good really, but he is vain all the same. He believes that with his jaw and a safety razor he can make a noise exactly like a cricket, and that no one else in the world can do this so well. Some morning he'll show you, if you lead him on discreetly. He's painting our hostess, though you mightn't think she needed help." That last was too easy, I know, but what does it matter with a woman like Mrs. Wramper, to whom husks and pearls look alike. "Our hostess leads a rich life, very rich. Half her time is spent in trying to forget that she has a husband, and the other half in trying to remember it." Too symmetrical, and also obvious, but I can't help that. "As for our lord of hosts, he isn't here to-night. He's never here when Dawking is. But please don't run away with the idea. . . ." What's this? Mrs. Wramper is speaking? Actually speaking! "If ever I run away," she says, "it won't be with an idea." Thank God, the evening is going to be easy, after all. I told you I could talk to *any* woman.

"They talk such rot about it," I hear myself saying to Mrs. Wramper, "It's no harm, it's celebrated publicity, it's sanctioned by the church, it's merely second marriage, when a woman's first husband's in heaven. It's law and immoral and bad form when you are divorced. What on earth are people afraid of? Merely that your husband and your ex-husband may meet. Well, they're sure to do that in heaven—'In heaven we all shall meet.' Nobody ever said that about New York . . . If there were a divorce service in the Prayer Book, with noble old words and organ tunes, many of the fellows who now say divorce isn't divine would call it a devilish good thing . . . Take your own case. There is no reason why you should go on caring about your husband. A man must think a lot of himself if he expects a woman to like nobody but him, day in and day out, till death do them part, and that sort the thing . . . Take my case. I spent to-day on the mountain. Why did I pick out, from all those pinnacles and citadels that I saw from our mountain-top, just one to fall in love with? Because something in its lines reminded me of the shoulders of a woman I was going to meet to-night, for the first time in my life. . . I can't tell you, you see. Love's like a language I seem to have known once upon a time and to have forgotten a long while ago. It comes back to me only in bits. I'm all right for a few sentences, and then I can't remember any more. You must teach me the language all over again. Be patient with your pupil. He is eager to learn." Look here, you know, I didn't mean to say that. She won't like it. There is a long pause. What is she saying? No! I can't have heard straight, I am drinking too much. She repeats it, looking at her plate: "I know just how you feel." I say, I have let myself in for it. God bless our hostess, who is getting up.

We are alone. I am not drunk. I can hear what those men are saying. One of them is explaining that he would have done that tricky sixteenth hole in four but for the fact that he did it in seven. What an ass! . . . No, nothing for me—except possibly a little brandy. I have not drunk too much. This table is perfectly stationary. So are the walls of the room. What more could you ask? Somebody is introducing somebody to me—is asking if he may. "I'll take the matter under advisement," I answer. That was the right answer—unexpected without being discourteous. Queer thing, how a pony of brandy straightens a man out. . . So we're going into the other room are we, before we've half smoked our cigars? All right. Of course I'm coming too. Must find Mrs. Wramper, very important. She is standing alone near that French window, looking out at the night. I am near her at last. "I say, Mrs. Wramper, I can't imagine what made you tell me all that at dinner—I mean me you all that." "I can," she says—she really smiles rather well. "Because you were so sure it would interest—one of us." She is not a bad sort, really. "Mrs. Wramper," and I lower my voice, "there is one thing I must say: I am drunk. I want you to be the first to know it." Yes, she has a kind smile. "As for that information, Mr. Shriggs, isn't it a case of first come, first served?" And out she goes into the night. Now what do you suppose she meant by that?

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Imperial Brood

Songs and Ballads from Over the Sea, compiled by E. A. Helps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

IN the middle of this book there is a lively jingle by Will Lawson, one of the Australian poets. It is called "The Mails," and it begins this way:

The tail rods leap in their bearings
They rise with a rush and a ring;
They sink to the sound of laughter,
And hurried and short they sing—
We carry the Mails—
His Majesty's Mails—
Make way for the mails of the king!

The emotion in the body of this poem has a glorious source, and the poem is worthy of it. It gives us a vivid sense of a big ocean liner quivering with power and eagerness and speed, racing the mails from Australia to England. But "make way for the mails of the king" introduces—in imitation of Kipling, perhaps—just the kind of tin-cornice imperialism that has the aesthetic barrenness of all machine-made, standardized products. It is possible, of course, that grown men in the colonies still feel the glamour of having a king. Kipling could speak of Queen Victoria as the Widder of Windsor and really hope to tap that great fount of commiseration reserved for widders and orphans. The institution of kingship has something about it that enables men to solemnize almost any kind of a frump or a nincompoop, and to take on, at almost any distance, an air of special virtue and importance "in the name of the king." But in this particular case there is no real excuse for lugging in His Majesty. The mail-steamer is not really eloquent of the king or the empire. It is eloquent of the engine department, the deck department, the ocean traversed, the peoples intertwined. The imperial sentiment does not spring from the theme. It is simply the result of a habit of thought—a habit which it is significant to note only because these "songs and ballads" are collected more or less in the imperial name.

Does the colonial or imperial habit of thought favor, or impair, the poet? This is the question one can hardly help asking after reading over a hundred Empire poets, examples of whose work are here assembled from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Indies, Jamaica and Ceylon. The object of the editor, who completed his work in 1912, more or less justifies the question. He did not compile this anthology with a poetic ideal in mind. He deliberately omits the more personal kind of poetry. His motive was to let the poets of the Empire speak of their own life and incident, in the hope that it would bring their lands in closer touch. This makes for the inclusion of a high proportion of distinctively "national" verse, and emphasizes the way in which the colonies conceive their life. And it provokes the inquiry as to the aesthetic results of imperialism.

Because the colonies are young in point of social organization, it is not easy to judge their quality of self-consciousness. Many of them—especially Australia and South Africa—are still largely occupied with pioneer and frontier problems. They sing songs "of the very simple things: the sun and the wind and the rain and the warm brown earth beneath one and the sky." But where they are fairly well organized, definitely a people and a nation, the sentiment of imperialism does seem to inhibit the consciousness of self which a distinctive group should have. It is not that the empire is not a good thing politically. It is not that the imperial association cannot generate its own high and deep feelings. But the price of empire is too great if a group retains habits of thought in its own sphere which properly belong to the mother-country—and if, on that account, its culture is a sham and a shadow and if its own experience of life is divorced from expression and prestige.

Where the state is, there the nation is likely to be. Where the language is, there the culture is likely to be. Long after the political cord was severed between England and the United States, there was a definite cultural dependence. It took Whitman's "barbaric yawp" to wake up American self-consciousness. With Canada it is not easy to believe that there is any explicit self-consciousness as yet. There is an imperial consciousness. The Rev. F. G. Scott can write "A Hymn of Empire":

Great God, uphold us in our task,
Keep firm and clear our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are thine;
Pour down thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
The sceptre your race.

Me and God! I prefer Mr. R. C. Stead, who is one of the original rip-snorter poets. This is the way he puts it in "Mother and Son":

I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I read the rogues aright—
And I fought for you in my swaddling-clothes, as only a child can fight!

'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear for that—
For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of fat;
But the blood—and the sense of honor—and the duty of the son—
'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled them ten to one.

This war will give Canada much more reason than even the Boer war to talk of "Mother and Son." The sentiment of the empire will be strengthened, but the poems must be better than the Rev. Scott's or Mr. Stead's to excuse a mother-and-son attitude toward national life. Such was not the attitude of William H. Drummond, by the way, and his *habitant* poetry is perhaps the best Canada has produced. It comes nearest to giving one a distinctive sense of Canada, though its figures are of course special. Duncan Campbell Scott of Ottawa has written narratives in verse with great dramatic point and skill. R. W. Service is melodramatic but often justifies the "O God" school. Aside from these men, the exquisite work of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, the respectable verse of Helena Coleman, E. Pauline Johnson and Agnes Maude Machar, and the pleasant poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford, Canada has nothing to offer in this anthology except a few mediocre historical ballads and a few mediocre nature descriptions. A good line here and there—"the light melodious footsteps of the rain"—does not alter one's disappointment. It is a nation whose poets are still in about the same attitude toward their experience as the late Felicia Hemens. One supposes it is due to their taking their authenticity from heaven by way of the British Isles.

Australia and South Africa are more independent. It is not merely that A. Lindsay Gordon—who taught Kip-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ling a thing or two—and Henry Kendall are creased with native dust and steeped in sun. It is largely that experience so pungent as theirs had to find its own form. The sing-song of the Canadians, from which Duncan Campbell Scott had the instinct to depart, is not so common among the Australians; and more men write verse. New Zealand is also eloquent. "A Colonist in His Garden," by Pember Reeves, has the vistas of that beautiful new world, though its style is commonplace:

> Here am I rooted. Firm and fast
> We men take root who face the blast
> When, to the desert come,
> We stand where none before have stood
> And braving tempest, drought and flood,
> Fight nature for a home.

John Runcie is the most striking of the South African poets. His verses on Paul Kruger are peculiarly interesting in a political way, and so is "1909." It is "A Vision and A Cry," and it ends:

> Whate'er our duties be,
> By veld or mine or sea,
> This boon we crave of thee:
> Let all the frontiers go,
> With all the devil's woe.
> Let our Five Nations glow,
> In one bright diadem, whate'er the cries,
> The lesser issues, or the sacrifice.

The natives, so amiably described by Kipling as "new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil and half child," come into all these poems of the colonies, whether they be Injuns or Maoris or African blacks. A poet called Kingsley Fairbridge writes excellently of "Umfeti, the Witch Doctor," though his best poem is one of an old lion.

The best descriptive use of words, however, is by a Hindu, Sorojini Naidu, who sings of "Nightfall in the City of Hyderabad."

> See how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat,
> Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.
>
> See the white river that flashes and scintillates,
> Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city-gates.
>
> Hark, from the minaret how the muezzin's call
> Floats like a battle-flag over the city wall.
>
> From trellised balconies languid and luminous
> Faces gleam, veiled in a splendor voluminous.
>
> Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes,
> Swinging their silver bells hung from their silver chains.
>
> Round the high Char Minar sounds of gay cavalcades
> Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.
>
> Over the city bridge Night comes majestical,
> Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival.

It would not be fair to this interesting anthology to offer it merely as a document in imperialism. No lover of poetry would willingly miss the hundred poets and more whom it sedulously brings to light. It may be surprising that the millions of white people outside the British Isles and inside the British Empire should have written so little great poetry; and it may be pertinent to suggest that the tenuous sentiment of empire, dear to colonists but not so dear to colonials, is partly responsible. The actual accomplishment, much of it powerful and much of it beautiful, remains. It is worth knowing. It shows how men domesticated anywhere aim as soon as possible to give significance to their experience, and sometimes, by the fortune of genius, are able to do so in the beautiful ways of verse. F. H.

A People's Tragedy

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

LETTERWRITING, as an art, has been pronounced dead. Prematurely, however, for the history of literature affords few examples of the art superior to this volume of letters from Mexico by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Are these real letters, addressed day by day from a daughter to a mother? How does it happen that they do not contain a single line that the general reader can afford to skip? How does it happen that they make so complete, so moving a picture of the tragedy of a people? If it were not for the abundant evidence of the author's candor and sincerity, one would incline to the hypothesis that the letter form was adopted as a literary device, for the more dramatice presentation of a theme fully wrought out in advance.

By virtue of this book we are permitted to see Mexico through the eyes of a woman singularly sensitive to its light and color, its beauty and mystery, and remarkably responsive to all the values of personality thrown into light in an epoch of national struggle for existence. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is extremely catholic in her interests. She draws with equal sympathy and skill John Lind, disastrous doctrinaire, provincial, "clothed, not dressed," but worth admiring for his viking force, and the Garcia Pimentels of the Mexican inner circle of wealth, beauty and taste. The author's best sketches are of men of force and urbanity—men of the world, who do their work smoothly, perfectly, and have enough of life over, such as Admiral Cradock, Sir Lionel Carden, Admiral Fletcher. Her formal judgments betray a ruling-class psychical makeup, although her sympathies are too broad to be included in any class scheme. She detests disorder in sympathy with the exclusive aristocracy whose estates are falling into decay. But she is much more in sympathy with the wretched peons, pressed into the military service, to be starved and to die miserably in battles that can win them nothing. Most of all, she is in sympathy with the unhappy women of Mexico, pursued through the maguey fields and lassoed like cattle, dying by thousands of weariness and hunger, while the rebels make "very satisfactory progress," in the view of John Lind and Washington.

The protagonist in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's drama is Huerta. The time covered by the letters, from October, 1913, to the taking of Vera Cruz, represents the period in which pressure exerted by the United States was gradually crushing the life out of the Huerta government. It was an excellent time to discover what kind of man the old Cori Indian really was, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, as wife of the American chargé, had abundant opportunity for direct observation. As she depicts him, Huerta might have been guilty of sins untold; it would have remained none the less impossible to withhold from him the kind of admiration the centuries have bestowed upon the strong men of Greece and Rome, who were not less ruthless or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more serene. While the United States was demanding his fall, threatening to arm his enemies, watching eagerly for any occasion that might justify intervention, Huerta remained unfailingly courteous toward the American representative, and protected American interests to the best of his ability. No doubt it was partly calculation of advantage that restrained Huerta from acts of revenge; it was also pride, consciousness of a personal worth superior to that of his persecutors. "Struggle is the essence of life, and those who are not called on to struggle are forgotten of Heaven. . . . I have been a model, but a mediocre one." "Mexico is like a snake; all its life is in its head. I am the head of Mexico." These are brave words, of a character to make one blush for the popular American conception of Huerta as a mere sot, a greedy, scheming, adventurer without purpose beyond personal aggrandizement.

After the taking of Vera Cruz, Huerta was under no illusions as to the possibility of holding out against the United States. Then, at any rate, an explosion might have been expected. Here are his words to our representative: "You have seized our port. You have the right to take it, if you can, and we have the right to prevent you. *Su Excelencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson has declared war, unnecessarily, on a people that only ask to be left alone, to follow out their evolution in their own way, though it may not seem to you a good way" (P. 287). Now the episode is ancient history, do not the old Indian's words ring truer than our action? And so too of his last words to the O'Shaughnessys before their departure from Mexico City: "I hold no rancor toward the American people nor toward *su Excelencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson. . . . He has not understood." One American, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, understood. "I turned back into the dwelling I was so soon to leave, with the sadness of life, like a hot point, deep in my heart. So is history written. So do circumstances and a man's will seem to raise him up to great deeds, and so does destiny crush him. . . And we, who arrogated to ourselves vengeance for unproven deeds in a foreign land, was vengeance ours?"

There seems to be a queer slant in the diplomat's vision; he does not view things in the same proportions as the plain citizen of the United States or the idealistic statesman in Washington. As we saw it, Huerta was almost certainly implicated in the assassination of Madero. Huerta was not to be permitted to thrive by murder: therefore until he should be forced out it was our duty to bankrupt Mexico, if possible, no matter how many innocent persons might thereby be ruined or starved. Therefore it was also right for us to rejoice in every village burned by the ferocious Zapatistas, in every massacre perpetrated by Villa, the "Tiger of the North." None of the foreign diplomats in Mexico City, nor, to judge from this book, even our own, seem to have been able to appreciate the soundness of this view. What they saw was that Huerta, in his eagerness for American recognition, would have been willing to make any concession we might have chosen to demand. We could have had security for our own interests and those of other foreigners, and we could even have imposed conditions as to internal organization that would have alleviated the lot of the peon. Instead of taking what thus lay open to our hands, we backed the Carranza-Villa revolution, from which we could expect no guaranties whatever of a better government than Huerta was already giving. Our method has already cost hundreds of thousans of lives. But Madero has been avenged. *Fiat justitia, ruat caelum.*

TIFFANY & CO.

DIAMONDS
IN MODERN SETTINGS

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

The foreign diplomats in Mexico City, not understanding our passion for justice to the memory of Madero at whatever cost to the living Mexicans, devised all manner of curious explanations of our policy. The favorite explanation, which one suspects was launched by von Huitze, the German Realpolitiker, was that we were engaged in a most hideous, conscienceless game of grab. We wanted anarchy in Mexico to continue until all elements of national cohesion had been destroyed. Then we could proceed without serious inconvenience to annex anything down to the Isthmus. Our own diplomats, of course, knew better. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, always intelligent and efficient, doubtless defended our policy before his colleagues as well as could be done. He appears to have been in sympathy with his government in the matter of refusing recognition to Huerta. But one suspects that he shared his wife's detestation of halfway measures. Either recognize Huerta, on conditions, or intervene in earnest, were the obvious alternatives at the time. What Washington did, and still inclines to do, was to intervene a little. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's opinion of this policy is worth quoting:

"I think we have done a great wrong to these people; instead of cutting out the sores with a clean, strong knife of war and occupation, we have only put our fingers in each festering wound and inflamed it further. . . What we are doing is war accompanied by all the iniquitous results of half-measures" (p. 316).

One need not agree with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. It would be most disquieting to do so. Nevertheless, it would be a wholesome exercise for the stay-at-home citizen to look for a little while at the Mexican problem through this gifted woman's eyes.

A. S. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR YOUR SUMMER READING

SUMMER IS THE TIME TO CATCH UP WITH THE REALLY GOOD BOOKS YOU HAVE WANTED TO READ, BUT HAVE NOT FOUND TIME FOR. THE TITLES BELOW ARE SELECTED BY THE PUBLISHERS AS THEIR MOST PERMANENT CONTRIBUTIONS

KITCHENER'S MOB

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

A graphic and uncensored account of the adventures of an American volunteer in Kitchener's army. "Describes minutely and with picturesque realism the new fashion of fighting."—*Rochester Herald.* "Among the very best personal narratives of the war so far published."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Frontispiece. $1.25 net

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 PARK ST., BOSTON

SHAKSPERE

By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

An address delivered at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Mass. on the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, April, 23, 1916.

16 mo. Cloth. 54 pages. 50 cents net

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8 UNIVERSITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

By FRANK JULIAN WARNE
Author of "The Immigration Invasion".

This is the first study of immigration to discuss the question of restriction in the light of recent developments in Congress. It takes up the effect of immigration on the country, outlines the causes which increase or diminish the annual flow and forecasts the problems which will arise after the European War. A highly interesting volume by the expert on the foreign-born population in 1910. For sale at all booksellers. *8vo, cloth, $2.50 net, or direct from the publishers, by mail, $2.65.*

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS, 35 W. 32ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.

"Mr. Huntington is a scientific man who has contrived to discard the jargon of science. He writes clearly and picturesquely, and the studious layman will find his book a delight to read."—*London Times.*

(Second Printing). Price $2.50 net, postpaid

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS

By WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"In the words of a United States Senator of a generation ago, 'What have we cared for Abroad?' It is high time we learned. This book will teach us . . . A history of our diplomacy, not a diplomatic history."—*New York Tribune.* *2 vols, 8vo, boxed,* $6.00 net

THE CENTURY CO., 353 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Martin A. Nexö's

PELLE THE CONQUEROR

A tetralogy of novels about a Danish labor leader. Each has a complete interest. Each $1.40 net.

I Boyhood—Translated by Jessie Muir.
II Apprenticeship—Translated by Bernard Miall.
III The Great Struggle—Translated by Bernard Miall.
IV Victory—Translated by Jessie Muir (*Autumn* 1916.)

"This Danish prose epic of labor ranks among the greatest works of fiction of the later nineteenth century. . . . . World-wide in its significance . . . The chronicle of the growth of labor to consciousness of its rights and its strength."—*New York Tribune*

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK

GREEN MANSIONS

By W. H. HUDSON, Author of "Birds and Man," etc.

John Galsworthy says in his introduction to this book, ". . . . of all living authors—now that Tolstoi is gone —I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson."
A charming love story in which there is blended a thrilling description of life and adventure in the tropical forests of Venezuela. Third Edition, $1.50 *net*

PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
Send for a list of Borzoi Books

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN THE FAR EAST

By STANLEY K. HORNBECK
Head of the Department of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin.

An up-to-the-minute book giving the political history of China and Japan, full of accurate information on Eastern affairs and contemporary relations between those countries and the United States. The only book dealing with current political institutions and tendencies in China and Japan. For sale at all booksellers. *8vo, cloth, $3.00 net, or direct from the publishers, by mail, $3.20.*

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS, 35 W. 32ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE OF THE PLAYS

of Granville Barker, Clyde Fitch, Lord Dunsany, José Echegaray, Padraic Colum, Maurice Donnay, Cosmo Hamilton, Arthur Schnitzler, etc., which we publish in book form.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 34 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

WAITFUL WATCHING

By JAMES L. FORD, author of "The Literary Shop," etc.

A satire on the Great War and Uncle Sam's part in it—with a moral driven home as only clever satire can drive it. Every phase of the War is touched off inimitably. The points are clear in spite of the fun, and their meaning tremendous.

Cloth, 16mo, net 60 cents

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., 443 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

RETAIL SELLING

By JAMES W. FISK

Mr. Fisk has utilized the results of large and active business experience as well as his mastery of business literature in the preparation of this alert, suggestive book on the various phases of selling. He writes to the point, without waste of words, presenting succinctly ideas and methods which will be immediately useful to every man in retail business. *Post 8vo, $1.00 net*

HARPER & BROTHERS

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

1740-1914

By BERNADOTTE EVERLY SCHMITT

"An intelligent and impartial discussion of the relations of England and Germany on the eve of the great war, and of the historic events and influences in which these relations were rooted. . . . Of intense interest and of great value."—*N. Y. Times.*

524 pages, $2.00 *net, by mail,* $2.10

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, PRINCETON, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED